

Decemb. 1. 1658.

Imprimatur,

EDM. CALAMY.

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THE
Song of Solomon

286 Rendred in
PLAIN & FAMILIAR
VERSE.

Together with the
SONGS

MARY, *Luke* 1. v. 46.
Of ZACHARIAS, *Luke* 1. v. '68.
SIMEON, *Luke* 2. v. 29.

BY
RICHARD TURNER Esq.

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A
P R E F A C E
to the
T R A N S L A T I O N .



ALL you that cast your eyes upon this
Book,

Remember it is holy ; Do not look
To satiate your carnal palats here,
This fountain's pure, and all the streams
are clear,

The Theam of this Divine, transcendent song
Is sacred, and mysterious all along.

Here is no subject for luxuriant wits,
A holy heart this matter best befits.

This Naptrial Song no mouth can ever fit,
But his, whose heart hath had a taste of it.
The Book was penn'd by Solomon, but here
A greater doth than Solomon appear.

The Preface.

Here you may read a Dialogue of Love,
Betwixt the Church and Christ her head above.
Ardent desires pass on the Churches part,
Towards her Beloved: and her very heart
(Impatient of his absence) cannot rest,
Till Christ hath lodg'd her in his tendrest breast.
Which he accepts most kindly; this doth bring
Their mutual gratulations on the wing:
Christ, he commends his Church, and doth profess
That he is raviſht with her comlineſſe.
And ſhe his praises with the higheſt ſtrain
Of admiration eccho's back again.
Nothing too good, too ſweet, too precious is,
To ſet forth his transcendent Rarities.
When full of fear and trembling ſhe doth lie,
Reviving Cordials he doth ſoon apply.
And when deformed moſt in her own eies,
Her beauty he admires, and magnifies.
With one chain of her neck, and with one look,
From her enſnaring eie, his heart is took.
Then to his houſe of wine, his Spouſe is led,
And over her, Loves. Banner he doth ſpread.
This ſhe with ſweeteſt fruits of Love returns,
And in Loves hot devouring flame ſtill burns.
Which makes her with inſatiate breathings pray,
And long for the approaching Marriage-day.
Behold! how Love in every vein doth run!
How in each line a thread of Love is ſpun!

The Preface.

By which strong twisted cords are sweetly tied,
The highest Lord, and his Beloved Bride.
How can it be, but that such fire should raise
Some sparks within thy soul, and make it blaze
With flames of Love? How would this sweeten all
The sharpest dispensations that befall;
If by an eye of Faith thou couldst behold,
How tenderly thy Saviour doth unfold
His armes, embracing thee? This sure would be
A blessed heart-reviving Jubile.
Thou that dost in the vale of Baca tread,
Mourning that comfort from thy soul is fled:
Dry up thy teares, cast off thy mourning weeds,
Behold with comfort thy Beloved speeds!
With flagons, and with apples he will raise
Thy drooping soul, and fill thy mouth with praise.
But let no strangers intermeddle here,
These joyes do far transcend their Hemisphere.
For vain and frothy minds this Theme's too high,
Blest Angels do adore this mystery.
But he that with a savoury heart doth read,
Let him draw near, and on these dainties feed.

The Prince

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THE
SONG of SOLOMON
in
V E R S E.

The Text.

CHAP. I.

Chap. i.

1.  He Song of Songs, I am to
sing,
All others doth excell,
'Tis Solomons: (the wi-
sest King)
Which none can parallel.
- 2 Let him the kisses of his mouth
Freely to mine impart,
For better is thy love than wine,
And more doth cheer my heart :
- 3 Because of thy good oyntments sent
Thy name's an oyntment pure,
Which poured forth, doth unto thee
The Virgins love allure.
- 4 With cords of love do thou me draw
And we will run to thee.
The King into his chambers hath
Kindly conducted me.
- Verf. 1. The Song of
Songs which is Solo-
mons.
2. Let him kisse me with
the kisses of his mouth ;
for thy love is better
than wine.
3. Because of the favour
of thy good oyntments,
thy name is as oyntment
poured forth, therefore
do the Virgins loveth thee.
4. Draw me, we will
runne after thee : The
King hath brought me
into his chambers,

In

we

The Song of Solomon. Chap. i.

we will be glad and re-joyce in thee, we will remember thy love more then wine; The upright love thee. In thee we will be glad, and joy, Thy loves we will record, More than the best, and choicest Wine; The upright love thee (Lord.)

5. I am black but comely (oh ye daughters of Jerusalem) as the tents of Kedar, as the curtains of Solomon. 5 Though I as Kedar's Tents am black, Yet Comely too, and fair, (Oh Daughters of Jerusalem) As Solomons Curtains are.

6. Look not upon me, because I am black, because the sun hath looked upon me, my mothers children were angry with me, they made me the keeper of the vineyards, but mine own vineyard have I not kept. 6 Upon my blackness do not look With a disdainfull eye, Because on me the Sun hath lookt, And brought this tawny dye. My mothers children they were wrath, And set me day by day Their Vineyards to preserve and keep, Mine own neglected lay. [loves]

7. Tell me (oh thou whom my soul loveth) where thou feedest, where thou makest thy flocks to rest at noon; for why should I be as one that turneth aside by the flocks of thy companions. 7 Tell me (oh thou whom my soul loveth) Where thou dost friendly treat, And make thy Flocks to feed and rest In time of greatest heat. For why should I be left as one That wandring turns aside, By thy Companions stragling flocks And in their troops abide?

8. If thou know not (oh thou fairest among women) go thy way forth by the footsteps of the flock, and feed thy kids besides the shepherds tents. 8 If thou (oh fairest) dost not know, By the flocks foot-steps tread And by the shepherds tents lead forth There let thy kids be fed.

9. I have compared thee oh my love to a company of horses in Pharoahs charrets. 9 With Pharaoh's Chariot-steeds (my love) A likeness thou dost hold, [Love]

- 10 Thy cheeks with rowes of jewels
Thy neck with chains of gold. [shine
11 Borders of Gold & Silver studs
Wee' make for thee most meet.
12 Whilst that the King at Table sits
My Spicknard savours sweet.
13 A Bundle of sweet smelling mirrhe
Is my Beloved one.
All the night long betwixt my breasts
There shall he lodge alone.
14 As sweetest Camphire-clusters are
So is my Love to me.
That in the Vineyards fruitful soil
Of Engedi you see.
15 Behold how fair, how fair thou art
Thine eies as doves are seen.
16 Most fair, & pleasant is my Love,
Also our bed is green.
17 The Beams & Pillars of our house
Of stately Cedar be.
Our rafters of the choicest Firre,
Most fitly they agree.
17. The beams of our house are Cedar, and our rafters of Firre.
10. Thy cheeks are comely with rows of jewels,
thy neck with chains of gold.
11. We will make thee borders of gold, with studs of silver.
12. While the King sitteth at his table, my spikenard sendeth forth the smell thereof.
13. A bundle of myrrhe is my wellbeloved unto me, he shall lie all night betwixt my breasts.
14. My beloved is to me as a cluster of camphire in the vineyards of Engedi.
15. Behold thou art fair (my love) behold thou art fair, thou hast Doves eyes.
16. Behold thou art fair, my beloved, yea pleasant, also our bed is green.

CHAP. II.

Chap.2.

I Am the goodly Sharon rose
For sweetnesse and delight,
And as the Lilly of the vale,
Most pleasant to the sight.

Verf. 1. I am the Rose
of Sharon, and the Lilly
of the valleys.

2 Even

2. As

1. As the Lilly among thorns, so is my love among the daughters.
 2. Even as the stately Lilly, that Among the thorns doth grow,
 So is my fairest Love among The daughters here below.
3. As the apple-tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved among the sons; I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste.
 3 As th' Appletree (among the woods) Which doth with fruit abound,
 Even so among the sons of men, Is my beloved found.
 Under his shadow I did sit,
 And great delight did take.
 His fruit was sweet unto my tast,
 And did me joyful make.
4. He brought me to the Banqueting house, and his banner over me was love.
 4 He brought me to his house of wine, Where choicest dainties be.
 His banner over me was Love,
 His Love did ravish me.
5. Stay me with flagons, comfort me with apples, for I am sick of love.
 5 Stay me with Flagons; comfort me With Apples ere I die.
 For I am wounded sick of Love,
 And overwhelmed lie.
6. His left hand is under my head, and his right hand doth embrace me.
 6 Under my head is his left hand, Within his arms I lie.
7. I charge you (oh ye daughters of Jerusalem) by the Roes, and by the Hindes of the field, that ye stir not up, nor awake my love, till he please.
 And his right hand doth me embrace, I am upheld thereby.
 7 I charge you by the Roes and Hinds Ye daughters all that ye
 Do not disturb, nor wake my Love
 Until he pleased be.
8. The voice of my beloved, behold he cometh leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills.
 8 'Tis my beloveds voice, behold He comes as in a race,
 Upon the mountains he doth leap,
 And skips the hills apace.

9. My

9. My

- 9 My Love is like a Roe, or Hart,
He stands behind our wall.
And at the window looking forth,
He through the grates doth call.
- 10 He spake & said, rise up my (Love)
My fair one come away.
- 11 For lo, the winter now is past,
Therefore no time delay.
- 12 The flowers on the earth appear,
The birds begin to sing.
The Turtles voice within our Land
Is heard: the fields do spring:
- 13 The figtree putteth forth her fruit,
The Vines with grapes do cast
A goodly smell; arise (my Love)
My fair one, come, make hast.
- 14 Oh thou my Dove that in the
Of rocks dost hidden lie. (clefts
And in the secreters of the stairs,
Let me thy face espie.
Yes let me hear thy voice, for why
Thy voice is sweet to me.
Thy countenance most comely is,
I take delight in thee.
- 15 Take us the Foxes that devour
And spoil the fruitful Vine,
The little Foxes, that do wait
Those tender grapes of mine.

9. My beloved is like a
Roe, or a young Hart,
behold he standeth be-
hind our wall, he look-
eth forth at the win-
dow, shewing himself
through the lattise.

10. My beloved spake &
said unto me, Rise up
my love, my fair one, and
come away.

11. For lo the winter is
past, the rain is over
and gone.

12. The flowers appear
on the earth, the time of
the singing of birds is
come, and the voice of
the Turtle is heard in
our land.

13. The figtree putteth
forth her green figs, and
the vines with the ten-
der grape give a good
smell: Arise my Love, my
fair one, & come away.

14. Oh my Dove that
art in the clefts of the
rocks, in the secret pla-
ces of the stairs; let me
see thy countenance, let
me hear thy voice; for
sweet is thy voice, and
thy countenance is
comely.

15. Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines, for our
vines have tender grapes.

16. My beloved is mine
and I am his, he feedeth
among the Lillies.

17. Untill the day break,
and the shadows fly a-
way, turn (my beloved)
be thou like a Roe, or a
young Hart upon the
mountains of Bether.

16 My Love is mine, and I am his,
'Mong Lillies he doth feed :

17 Untill the day do break and dawn,
And from the shadow's freed,
Turn (my beloved) be thou like
A Roe, or a young Hart,
Upon the mountains of Bether,
And do not from me part.

Chap. 3.

CHAP. III.

Verf. 1. By night on my
bed I sought him, whom
my soul loveth, I sought
him, but I found him not.

2. I will rise now and go
about the City in the
streets and in the broad
waies I will seek him
whom my soul loveth, I
sought him but I found
him not.

3. The watchmen that
go about the City found
me, to whom I said, Saw
ye him whom my soul
loveth ?

4. It was but a little
that I passed from them,
but I found him whom
my soul loveth : I held
him, and would not let
him go, untill I had
brought him into my
mothers house, and into
the chamber of her that
conceived me.

BY night I sought him on my bed,
Whom my soul doth desire,
I sought him, but I found him not,
My heart was set on fire.

2 I'll rise, and walk the City streets,
And in the broad waies I
Will seek my Love, then I him sought
But could not him espie.

3 The watchmen that the City kept
Found me, to whom I said,
Saw ye not him, whom my soul loves ?
Let me not be delaid.

4 I went not far from them, but found
My soules desire, and so,
Within mine armes I held him fast,
And would not let him go.
Till I had brought him home unto
My mothers house, and he
Had gon into the chamber of
Her that conceived me.

Chap. 3. *The Song of Solomon.*

9

- 5 I charge you by the Roes & Hinds,
That ye do not diseafe
(Oh daughters all) nor yet awake
My Love, untill he please.
- 6 Who's this like smoaky pillars that
From deserts takes her Rise,
Perfum'd with mirrhe & frankincense,
With all the Marchants spice,
- 7 Behold his bed even Solomons,
Hath threescore champions stout,
Even valiant men of Israel,
That guard it round about.
- 8 They all hold swords, expert in war,
Each man upon his thigh
Hath girt his sword: because of fear,
Which in nights shade dorth lie.
- 9 Of Cedar wood King Solomon
Himself a chariot made,
- 10 With Silver were the pillars set,
With Gold the bottom laid,
The covering of purple was,
Prepared and made fit
For Salems daughters: in the midst
With Love he paved it.
- 11 Ye daughters which of Zion are,
Go forth, mark, and behold
King Solomon in all his state,
Deckt with a Crown of Gold,
daughters of Zion, and behold King Solomon with the Crown

5. I charge you, oh ye daughters of Jerusalem, by the Roes, and by the Hinds of the field, that ye stir not up, nor awake my love till he please.

6. Who is this that cometh out of the wilderness like pillars of smoke, perfumed with myrrhe, and frankincense, with all powders of the merchant?

7. Behold his bed which is Solomons, threescore valiant men are about it, of the valiant of Israel.

8. They all hold swords, being expert in war, every man hath his sword upon his thigh, because of fear in the night.

9. King Solomon made himself a chariot of the wood of Lebanon.

10. He made the pillars thereof of silver, the bottom thereof of gold, the covering of it of purple, the midst thereof being paved with Love, for the daughters of Jerusalem.

11. Go forth oh ye

Where-

wherewith his mother
crowned him in the day
of his espousals, and in
the day of the gladdest
of his heart.

Wherewith his mother crowned him,
When he his spousals had,
And in that joyful nuptial day,
In which his heart was glad.

Chap. 4.

CHAP. IV.

Vers. 1. Behold thou art
fair my love, behold
thou art fair, thou hast
Doves eyes within thy
locks, thy hair is as a
flock of Goats that ap-
pear frō mount Gilead.

2. Thy teeth are like a
flock of sheep, that are
even shorn, which came
up from the washing,
whereof every one bear
twins, and none is bar-
ren among them.

3. Thy lips are like a
scarlet thred, and thy
speech is comely, thy
temples are like a piece
of a Pomegranate with-
in thy locks.

4. Thy neck is like the
tower of David builded
for an Armory, whereon
there hang a thousand
bucklers, all shields of
mighty men.

5. Thy two breasts are
like two young Roes
that are twins, which
feed among the Lillies.

1 **B**ehold how fair, how fair thou art,
My Loves eies, doves eies are,
Within thy locks they do appear
Most beautiful and fair.

Thy hair is like a flock of goats,
From Gilead that do look.

2 Thy teeth are like a flock of sheep,
Newly from shearing took,
Which from the washing lately came,
Whiter than snow they be,
Each one of them do bear their twins,
None barren you can see.

3 Thy lips are like a scarlet thred,
Whence gracefull accents flow:
Thy temples in thy locks most like
Pomegranate pieces show. (built

4 Thy neck like Davids tower that's
For Armes, and furnisht round,
Whereon a thousand bucklers hang,
All shields of men renown'd.

5 Thy breasts are like to two young
Which being twins are fed, (Roes,
Within the Lilly-flouring fields,
And there are nourished.

6 Untill

Chap. 4. The Song of Solomon.

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6. Untill the day doth break & dawn,
And shadowes flee from hence,
Unto the mountaines I will get
Of Mirrhe, and Frankincense.
7. Thou art all fair (my Love) no spot
Is to be seen in thee,
8. Then come with me from Lebanon
(My spouse) come thou with me.
Look from the top of Amana,
From Shenir and Hermon,
From lions dens, and mountains high
That Leopards feed upon.
9. My sister, and my spouse, my heart
Is ravisht with thine eie.
And with one chain of thy fair neck,
I sick, and wounded lie.
10. Thy Love, my sister, & my spouse,
Is fair, and doth excell,
The best of wines: thine ointments
Beyond all spices smell.
11. Thy lips (my spouse) drop hony-
Hony and milk do meet (comb
Under thy tongue: thy garments smell
Like Lebanon most sweet:
12. My sister, and my spouse, thou art
A garden fenc'd about,
A spring shut up: A fountain seal'd
To keep all strangers out,
6. Untill the day break,
and the shadows flee a-
way, I will get me
to the mountains of
myrre, and to the hill
of frankincense.
7. Thou art all fair my
Love, there is no spot
in thee.
8. Come with me from
Lebanon, (my spouse)
with me from Lebanon,
look from the top of
Amana, from the top of
Shenir & Hermon, from
the Lions dens, from
the mountains of the
Leopards.
9. Thou hast ravished
my heart, my sister, my
spouse, thou hast ravish-
ed my heart with one of
thine eyes, with one
chain of thy neck.
10. How fair is thy love,
my sister my spouse!
how much better is thy
love then wine! & the
smel of thine oyntments
then all spices.
11. Thy lips, oh my
spouse drop as the hony-
comb: hony & milk are
under thy tongue, and
the smell of thy gar-
ments is like the smell of Lebanon.
12. A Garden inclosed is my
sister, my spouse, a spring shut up, a fountain sealed.

13. Thy plants are an Orchard of Pomegranates with pleasant fruits :
Camphire with Spikenard.
14. Spikenard and Saffron, Calamus & Cynamon, with all trees of Frankincense, Mirrhe & Aloes, with all the chief spices.
15. A fountain of gardens, a well of living waters, and streams from Lebanon.
16. Awake oh North wind, and come thou South, blow upon my garden that the spices thereof may flow out :
Let my beloved come into his Garden, and eat his pleasant fruits.
13. An orchard of pomegranates are Thy plants they do abound
With pleasant fruits : Camphire with
There also may be found, (Nard
14. Spikenard, & Saffron, Calamus,
And Cynamon there grow,
With trees of Frankincense, & mirrhe,
Aloes, and Spice also,
15. A spring of gardens is my Love,
A well that never dies,
A living fountain : as the streams
From Lebanon that rise.
16. Awake oh North wind, and thou
Upon my garden blow, (South
And then the fragrant Spices thence
Abundantly shall flow.
Let (my beloved) come into
His gardens sweetest aire ;
And freely eat his pleasant fruits
Yea, let him make no spare.

Chap. 5.

CHAP. V.

Ver. 1. I am come into my garden, my sister, my spouse, I have gathered my myrrhe with my spice, I have eaten my hony-comb with my hony, I have drunk my wine with my milk: Eat (oh friends) drink, yea, drink abundantly, oh beloved.

MY sister, and my spouse, I am
Into my garden come,
My mirrhe, and spice I gathered have,
And eat my honey-comb :
I've drunk my wine, & eke my milk,
Eat friends, and drink your fill ;
Yea, drink abundantly, I say,
(Oh my beloved) still.

2 I sleep, but yet my heart doth wake,
 'Tis my beloveds cry,
 That knocks, and saies, Open to me,
 Oh do not put me by:
 My sifter, and my Love, my Dove,
 My undefiled one,
 My head is fill'd with dew, my locks
 The night-drops hang upon.
 3 I have put off my coat, shall I
 Then put it on again?
 My feet I washed have, how shall
 I them defile, or stain?
 4 My Love put his alluring hand
 Within the dore, and I
 Was moved in my inward parts;
 When he approacht so nigh.
 5 I rose to open to my Love,
 Mirrhe from my hands did fall,
 On the Lock-handles, sweetest mirrhe
 My fingers dropt withal.
 6 I open'd to my well-beloved,
 He his retreat did make,
 And gone he was, my soul did fail,
 And melted, when he spake.
 I sought, but him I could nor find,
 I call'd on him, but he
 Would not to me an answer give,
 His ear was deaf to me.
 7 They that about the City watcht,
 Found me, and smote me fore,
 Yea, even the keepers of the wals,
 My vail from me they tore.

B 2

8 (Oh

2. I sleep, but my heart
 waketh, it is the voice of
 my beloved that knock-
 eth, saying, Open to me
 my sifter, my love, my
 dove, my undefiled, for
 my head is filled with
 dew, and my locks with
 the drops of the night.

3. I have put off my coat,
 how shall I put it on? I
 have washed my feet;
 how shall I defile them?

4. My beloved put in his
 hand by the hole of the
 door, and my bowels
 were moved for him.

5. I rose up to open to
 my beloved, & my hands
 dropped with mirrhe, &
 my fingers with sweet
 smelling mirrhe upon
 the handles of the lock.

6. I opened to my belo-
 ved, but my beloved
 had withdrawn himself
 and was gone: my soul
 failed when he spake: I
 sought him, but I could
 not finde him, I called
 him, but he gave me no
 answer.

7. The watchmen that
 went about the City
 found me, they smote
 me, they wounded me,
 the keepers of the wals
 took away my vail from
 me.

8. I

8. I charge you (oh daughters of Jerusalem) if ye find my beloved, that ye tell him, that I am sick of love.
9. What's thy beloved more then another beloved, oh thou fairest among women? what is thy beloved more then another beloved, that thou dost so charge us?
10. My beloved is white and ruddy, the chiefest among ten thousand.
11. His head is as the most fine gold, his locks are bushy and black as a Raven.
12. His eyes are as the eyes of Doves, by the rivers of water, washed with milk, and fitly set.
13. His cheeks are as a bed of spices, as sweet flowers, his lips like Lillies, dropping sweet smelling myrrhe.
14. His hands are as gold rings set with the Berill, his belly is as bright Ivory, overlaid with Saphires.
15. His legs are as pillars of marble, set upon sockets of fine gold; his countenance is as Lebanon, excellent as the Cedars.
- (Oh daughters of Jerusalem) If ye my Love do see, I charge you, tell him, I am sick, His love hath wounded me.
- Fairest of women, wherein doth Thy Love so far excel, That thou so strictly chargest us, What's thy beloved? Tell,
- 10 My well-beloved's white, & red, Above ten thousands farre,
- 11 His head like fine Gold, his locks Black as the ravens are, (curl'd,
- 12 His eies, are as the eies of doves, Which by the waters get, That purely washed are with milk, Like gems exactly set.
- 13 His cheeks, as beds of spices are, As flowers sweetest sent, His Lips, like Lillies dropping mirrhe; That's sweet, and excellent.
- 14 His hands, as rings of Gold, are set With the rich Beril stone, His Belly, bright as Ivory, With Saphires laid thereon.
- 15 His Legs, as Marble pillars, set On Golden sockets well, His Countenance, as Lebanon, Like Cedars that excell.

Chap.6. *The Song of Solomon.*

13

16 His Mouth's most sweet, he's
lovely all,
This my beloved is,
(Oh daughters of Jerusalem)
My choicest friend is this.

16. His mouth is most
sweet, yea, he is altoge-
ther lovely; this is my
beloved, and this is my
friend, oh daughters of
Jerusalem.

CHAP. VI.

Chap.6.

1 **VV** Hither is thy beloved gone,
Where turn'd aside is he,
(Fairest of women) that we may
Him joyntly seek with thee?

2 My Love, down to his Garden's gone
Where beds sweet spices bear,
Within the Gardens he doth feed,
And gather Lillies there.

3 I am my well-beloved's own,
And mine, most dear is he,
Among the Lillies he doth feed,
There he delights to be.

4 As Tirzah thou art beautifull,
My love, as Salem fair,
As armies thou art terrible,
Where standing banners are,

5 Oh turn thine eies from me, for
My heart have captive took, (they
Thy hair, is as a flock of goats,
From Gilead that do look.

V. 1. Whither is thy be-
loved gone? oh thou fai-
rest among women, whi-
ther is thy beloved turn-
ed aside? that we may
seek him with thee:

2. My beloved is gone
down into his garden,
to the beds of spices, to
feed in the gardens, and
to gather Lillies.

3. I am my beloveds, &
my beloved is mine; he
feedeth among the Lil-
lies.

4. Thou art beautifull
(oh my love) as Tirzah,
comely as Jerusalem,
terrible as an Army
with Banners.

5. Turn away thine eies
from me, for they have
overcome me, thy hair
is as a flock of Goats
that appeareth from
Gilead.

B 3

6 Thy

6. Thy

6. Thy teeth are as a flock of sheep, which go up from the washing, whereof every one beareth twins, and there is not one barren among them.
7. As a piece of a Pomegranate are thy temples within thy locks.
8. There are threescore Queens, and fourscore Concubines, and Virgins without number.
9. My Dove, my undefiled is but one, she is the only one of her mother, she is the choice one of her that bare her: the daughters saw her and blessed her, yea, the Queens & the concubines and thy praised her.
10. Who is she that looketh forth as the morning, fair as the Moon, clear as the Sun, and terrible as an Army with Banners?
11. I went down into the garden of nuts, to see the fruits of the valley, and to see whether the Vine flourished, and the Pomegranates budded.
12. Or ever I was aware my soul made me like the charers of Amminadab.
- Thy teeth, are as a flock of sheep Up from the washing gone, Each one among them beareth twins, Barren there is not one.
- As a pomegranate piece, which is Of a vermillion die.
- Even so within thy bushy locks Thy sacred temples lie,
- Twice thirty Royal Queens are The concubines no lesse, (found Than fourscore; and the virgins count No number can expresse.
- My dove, my undefiled's one, Her mothers only dear, And the most choicest one she is, Of her that did her bear.
- The daughters when they her beheld, They did her joyntly blesse;
- The Queens and eke the Concubines Her praises did expresse.
- Who's she that looks forth as the And as the Moon is fair, (Morn, Clear as the Sun, and terrible, As hots with banners are?
- I into the Nut-garden went, The valley-fruits to see, How the vine flourish, what buds were On the pomegranate tree.
- Or ever that I was aware, My soul in swiftnesse past, The chariots of Amminadab, That make the greatest hast.

Chap. 7. *The Song of Solomon.*

15

13 Return, Return, oh Shulamite;
Return, Return, I say
That we may take a view of thee,
Make halt, and come away:
The Shulamite when ye behold,
In her what will ye spy?
But as it were of two great hosts
The Troops and Company.

13. Return, return, oh
Shulamite; return, re-
turn, that we may look
upon thee; What will
ye see in the Shulamite?
as it were the company
of two Armies.

CHAP. VII.

Chap. 7.

(shoes

1 **H**ow comly do thy feet with
(Oh Princes daughter) stand.

Thy thigh-joynts like to jewels set,
By cunning workmens hand.

2 Thy Navel, as a Goblet round,
That liquor hath throughout.

Thy Belly, like an heap of wheat,
With Lillies set about. (Roes,

3 Thy Breasts, are like to two young
Twins, and in likenesse nigh.

4 Thy neck, is also like a Tower
Of polisht Ivory.

Like Heshbon fishpools, are thine eies,
Bathrabbims gate fast by.

As Lebanons Tower, is thy Nose,
Which doth Damascus eie.

5 Like Carmel is thy head on thee,
The hair thereof is found,

of Lebanon, which looketh towards Damascus.

5. Thy head upon thee is like Carmel, and the hair of thy head

B 4

Like

V. 1. How beautifull
are thy feet with shoes,
(oh Princess daughter)
the joynts of thy thighs
are like jewels, the work
of the hands of a cun-
ning workman.

2. Thy Navel is like a
round Goblet, which
wanteth not liquor, thy
belly is like an heap of
wheat set about with
Lillies.

3. Thy two Breasts are
like two young Roes
that are twins.

4. Thy neck is as a tow-
er of Ivory, thine eyes
like the fishpools in
Heshbon, by the gate
of Bathrabbim, thy
nose is as the tower

- like purple, the King is held in the Galleries. Like purple pure; the King within The Galleries is bound:
6. How fair and how pleasant art thou, oh Love, for delights! 6 How fair art thou, and pleasant (Love) In thee all pleasures are,
7. This thy stature is like to a Palm tree, and thy breasts to clusters of Grapes. 7 Like a palm-tree thy stature is, Thy Breasts, as clusters fair,
- 8 I said I will go to the Palm tree, I will take hold of the boughs thereof, now also thy breasts shall be as clusters of the Vine, & the smell of thy nose like apples. 8 To the victorious palm-tree now I said, that I will go. And on the boughs fast hold I'll take, That thereupon do grow. Thy Breasts now also shall be like Vine-Clusters that excell. And the sweet breathing of thy Nose, Like Apples fragrant smell.
9. The roof of thy mouth like the best wine for my beloved, that goeth down sweetly, causing the lips of those that are asleep to speak. 9 Thy Pallat's like the purest wine, For thee (my dearest Love) Which sweetly going down doth cause The sleepers lips to move.
- 10 I am my beloved's, & his desire is towards me. 10 I am my well-beloved's own, Towards me his longing is.
11. Come (my beloved) let us go forth into the field, let us lodge in the Villages. 11 Come Love, into the field let's go, And lodge ith' villages.
12. Let us get up early to the Vineyards, let us see if the Vine flourish, whether the tender Grape appear, and the Pomgranates bud forth, there will I give thee my Loves. 12 Let's to the Vineyard early get, And see the Vine that's there. How it doth flourish: whether yet The tender Grape appear. And whether the Pomegranate bud, Or do put forth, we'll see. There will I give abundantly My Loves out unto thee.

13. The Mandrakes smell, and at our
All pleasant fruits appear. (gates
Both new and old, laid up for thee,
(Oh my Beloved dear.)

13. The mandrakes give
a smell, and at our gates
are all manner of plea-
sant fruits, new and old,
which I have laid up
for thee, oh my beloved.

CHAP. VIII.

Chap.8.

1 **O**H that thou as my Brother wer't
That suckt the Breasts with me,
Finding thee out, I would thee kifs,
Yet should not sleighted be.
2 I'de lead thee to my mothers house,
Who would instruct me best,
And make thee drink of spiced wine,
From my Pomegranate prest.
3 His left hand, underneath my head
As a support should be,
And his right hand, should me em-
And sweetly cherish me. (brace,
4 (Oh daughters of Jerusalem)
This charge I give you all,
Ye stir not up, nor wake my Love,
Until he please to call.
5 Who's this that from the wilder-
Comes in this friendly sort, (ness
Leaning on her beloved one,
Her stay, and strong support?
I rais'd thee up, when thou didst lie
Under the Apple-tree, (forth,
For there, thy Mother brought thee
There bring thee forth did she.
brought thee forth, there shee brought thee forth that bare thee.

V.1. Oh that thou wert
as my brother that suc-
ked the breasts of my
mother, when I should
finde thee without, I
should not be despised.
2. I would lead thee and
bring thee into my mo-
thers house, who would
instruct me, I would
cause thee to drink of
spiced wine of the juyce
of my Pomgranate.
3. His left hand should
be under my head, and
his right hand should
embrace me.
4. I charge you (oh
daughters of Jerusalem)
that ye stir not up nor
awake my love untill
he please.
5. Who is this that com-
eth up from the wilder-
ness leaning upon her
beloved. I raised thee
up under the Apple tree,
there thy mother

6 Oh

6. Set me as a seal upon
thy heart, as a seal upon
thine arm, for love is
strong as death, jealousie
is cruel as the grave,
the coals thereof are
coals of fire, which hath
a most vehement flame.

7. Many waters cannot
quench love, neither
can the floods drown it,
if a man would give all
the substance of his
house for love, it would
utterly be contemned.

8. We have a little sister
& she hath no breasts,
what shall we do for our
sister in the day when
she shall be spoken for.

9. If she be a wall, we will
build on her a Palace
of silver, and if she be a
door, we will inclose her
with boards of Cedar.

10. I am a wall, and my
breasts like towers, then
was I in his eyes as one
that found favour.

11. Solomon had a vine-
yard at Baalhamon, he
let out the vineyard un-
to keepers; every one
for the fruit thereof was
to bring a thousand
pieces of silver.

Oh set me as a seal upon
Thine heart and arm to stand,
Even as a Signet; for true love
Is stronger than deaths band.
Fierce as the grave is Jealousie,
Its coals, are coals of fire,
Which hath a flame most vehement,
Rettlesse in its desire.

Love many waters cannot quench,
Nor can the floods it drown,
If mans whole substance for it went,
It would be cried down.

We have a little sister, and
No Breasts at all hath she;
What shall we for our sister do,
When speech of her shall be?

If shee's a wall, we will on her
A rich Palace compose:
And if she be a door, wee'll her
With Cedar boards inclose.

I am a wall, my Breasts are like
To Towers, fair and round,
Then was I lovely in his eies,
As one that favour found.

King Solomon a Vineyard had,
In Baalhamon set,
And he the Vineyard hired out,
And unto keepers let.

Each one of them was for the fruit,
And the increase to bring,
A thousand Silver pieces weigh'd,
Yearly unto the King.

- 12 My Vineyard mine, before me is, 12. My Vineyard which
A Thousand must be thine, is mine is before me,
Oh Solomon; two hundred more thou oh Solomon must
To them that keep the Vine. have a thousand, and
those that keep the fruit
thereof two hundred.
- 13 Thou that dost in the Gardens 13. Thou that dwellest
Thy sweet companions bear (dwell, in the Gardens, the
Unto thy voice a great respect, companions hearken to
Cause me the same to hear. thy voice, cause me to
hear it.
- 14 Hast (my beloved) be thou like 14. Make hast (my be-
A swift and pleasant Roe, loved) and be thou like to
Or youthful Hart upon the hills a Roe, or to a young
Where sweetest Spices grow. Hart upon the moun-
tains of spices.

THE CONCLUSION.

READER, make a pause, & stay;
Do not part too soon away,
Thaw thy frozen, chill desires
At these warm, and melting fires.
If thy heart, yet do not burn,
Back, and take the other turn.
That these powerful charms of Love
May Intraunce thy soul above.
In this holy Maze awhile
Willingly thy soul beguile;
Drink thy fill at this full spring
Heer's no fear of surfeiting.
Then when thou hast had a taste
Of this Honey-comb, make hast
And with quires of Angels raise
Thy melodious straines of praise.

THE



The Song of MARY.

Luke

Set to the Tune of the 25th Psalm.

Chap. I.

46 And Mary said,

V. 46. And Mary said,
my soul doth magnific
the Lord,

MY Soul doth much adore,
The Lord of might & power

47. And my Spirit hath
rejoyced in God my Sa-
viour.

47 My Spirit hath still rejoyc'd, and
In God my Saviour. (will

48. For he hath regard-
ed the low estate of his
handmaid, for behold,
from henceforth all ge-
nerations shall call me
blessed.

48 With great regard hath he
Inclin'd his ear to me,
His handmaid that despised sat,
And of a low degree.

All ages shall proclaim,

And trumpet forth thy fame,

49. For he that is migh-
ty, hath done to me
great things, and holy
is his Name.

49 The mighty one great things hath
And holy is his Name. (done,

50. And his mercy is on
them that fear him fro
generation to genera-
tion.

50 The Mercy he doth bear,
Unto his children dear,
From age to age he will engage
To them that do him fear.

51. He hath shewed
strength with his Arm,
he hath scattered the
proud in the imaginati-
on of their hearts.

51 His arm with strength and might
The proud hath scattered quite.
Their inward thought, he brings to
nought,

Which their vain hearts endite.

52. He

52 Those

The Song of Mary.

52 Those that are lifted high,
On seats of Majesty,
He hath put down, and set the Crown
On them that prostrate lie.

53 The hungry soul he will
With gifts of goodnesse fill,
But sends away the rich, and they
Go empty-handed still.

54 The Lord hath holpen well
His Servant Israel,
Bearing in mind his mercies kind,
Wherein he doth excell.

55 As he spake long before,
And to our Fathers swore,
To Abrahams seed : a Law decreed
That stands for evermore.

Luke Chap. i.

52. He hath put down
the mighty from their
seats and exalted them
of low degree.

53. He hath filled the
hungry with good
things, & the rich he
hath sent empty away.

54. He hath holpen his
servant Israel in reme-
brance of his mercy.

55. As he spake to our
Fathers, to Abraham,
& to his seed for ever.

**The S O N G of
Z A C H A R I A S.**

As the 100 Psalm.

Luke

Chap. i.

68 **B**lessed be Israel's God the Lord Ver. 68. Blessed be the
Who with his Grace hath visited Lord God of Israel, for
And freely of his own accord he hath visited and re-
Redeem'd them that were captive led. deemed his people.

69 A

69. And

69. And hath rais'd up
an horn of salvation
for us, in the house of
his servant David.
69 A strong horn of salvation
He hath rais'd up for us on high;
In Davids habitation
His chosen servant graciously.

70. As he spake by the
mouth of his holy Pro-
phets, which have been
since the world began.
70 As by his holy Prophets all
He spake, & by their mouth foretold
Whom he appointed, and did call
Even from the world's foundations old

71. That we should be
saved from our ene-
mies, and from the
hand of all that hate
us.
71 That fully we should saved be,
From all our enemies raging power;
And from the hands of those set free,
That in their hate would us devour,

72. To perform the
mercy promised to our
fathers, and to remem-
ber his holy Covenant.
72 The promis'd mercy to fulfil,
Which he unto our Fathers spake,
And likewise to remember still
The holy Covenant he did make:

73. The oath which he
swore to our father A-
braham,
73 The oath he did to Abraham swear
74 That he would grant to us his seed;

74. That he would
grant unto us, that we
being delivered out of
the hands of our ene-
mies, might serve him
without fear.
That we should serve him without fear
Being from all our enemies freed:

75. In holiness, and
righteousness before
him all the daies of our
life.
75 That we in paths of holiness
May ever walk before his face,
And all our daies in righteousness
We may sincerely run the race.

76. And

76 And

The Song of Zacharias.

Luke Chap. i.

76 And thou child shalt be call'd
(through Grace)
The Prophet of the Lord of might,
For thou shalt go before his face
His waies preparing which give light.

77 The knowledge of salvation
To give to them that fear his Name
Their sins remission making known
(His pardoning mercy to proclaim)

78 Through our Gods tender melting
Love
Whereby the day-spring from on high
On us hath lookt down from above
With chearing beams of Clemency.

79 To lighten them that sit obscure,
And in deaths dismal shade oppressd.
To guide our feet, and them allure
Into the waies of peace and rest.

76. And thou child shalt
be called the Prophet
of the highest, for thou
shalt go before the face
of the Lord to prepare
his waies.

77. To give knowledge
of salvation unto his
people by the Remission
of their sins.

78. Through the tender
mercy of our God,
whereby the day spring
from on high hath vi-
sited us.

79. To give light to
them that sit in dark-
ness, and in the shadow
of death, to guide our
feet into the way of
peace,

Luke

The Song of SIMEON.

Chap. 2.

29. Lord now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word.

30. For mine eyes have seen thy salvation.

31. Which thou hast prepared before the face of all people.

32. A light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of thy people Israel.

Let thou thy servant now (Oh Depart unto his rest. [Lord]) As thou hast in thy sacred Word Most faithfully exprest.

30 For thy salvation and rich Grace My longing eies behold.

31 Which thou before thy peoples Prepared hast of old (face

32 Unto the Gentiles shining bright Their darknesse to expell.
The Glory and the hearts delight
Of thine own Israel.

FINIS.

